

LUX OECIDENTALIS:
OR
Providence Display'd,
IN THE
CORONATION
OF
King WILLIAM and Queen MART;
AND
Their Happy Accession to the
Crown of England:
With other REMARKS.

By T. R. A.M. Oxon.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto. Virg. Eclog. 4.
Διὸς δ' ἐπιλάετο θυγάτηρ. Hom. Il. 1.

LICENSED, April 9. 1689.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by Randal Taylor, near
Stationer's-Hall, MDC LXXXIX.

Crown of England;

With other Rites & Customs

By T. R. A. M. 1689

LICENS'D, April 2. 1689.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by Richard Taylor, near
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THE
PREFACE.

Since the unanimous Wisdom of a whole Nation has determined, and thought fit to offer up their most solemn Thanks to Almighty God for our late Deliverance from Popery and Slavery, I hope it will be thought no rash or indecent sally of my Pen, if I presume at some distance to Commemorate the same, (together with some other providential Occurrences) which we must certainly conclude to be the wise Product of an over-ruling Deity; unless, with Epicurus, we would place him without the World, and suppose him to be an indifferent Spectator of all humane Affairs.

Indeed the History of the Britain Church will appear to any, that will take the pains but seriously to peruse it, a continued Series of providential Revolutions: How wonderfully obliging has Providence been unto us, in ordering that the British Church should be the first-born of all Christian Churches in the World? For though Christianity was privately preach'd to other Nations before the Days of Lucius, yet ours was the first that received the Faith under the Seal of Authority, and publick Approbation: Nor had it only the Honour of Primogeniture, but the Blessing too; it grew up, and flourish'd under the Influence of Peace, without being water'd with the Blood of Martyrs; for when Persecution raged throughout the Synagogues of the East, our Church con-

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*tinued unmolested, and free from such tyrannical Invasions, and suffered no signal and inhumane Violence, till the great and general Eclipse of Christendom, about the latter end of the Reign of Dioclesian: Nay, when Persecution was in its highest Ferment in Italy and France, and other adjacent Regions round about us, there were many poor and distressed Fugitives fled hither, as they have done since, for Sanctuary and Protection. And when in after-times our Land was polluted with the thick darkness of Romish Superstition, there appeared many great and venerable Worthies, who opposed the Doctrines and Usurpations of Rome, with their Votes and Writings, with their Fortunes and with their Blood; which laudable Endeavours of our renowned Ancestors were preparatory steps to the Reformation that ensued, and looked like so many important Skirmishes, before they came to the main Battle. Again, if we consider our Church in its reformed State, and trace its Beginning, Preservation, and Progress to this day, we shall find it has been an illustrious Instance of God's presidential Care, and blest in a short time with a glorious Compendium of astonishing Mercies: For though God for wise Ends, did suffer it for sometime to lie as it were dead, in the hot interval of the Marian Persecution, yet how did he illustrate his Almighty Power in granting to it a speedy Resurrection? What a long Catalogue of Wonders ran through the Reigns of Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth of ever blessed Memory, when God was pleased to magnifie his own Strength in the Weakness of a Child, and of a Woman? How many Attempts afterwards, Plots and Conspiracies have been formed against our Church, and yet how miraculously defeated? And how, above all Examples of former Ages, did he make his arm bare in our late preservation, when Ruine star'd us in the very Face, and was laid in open view? and all this designed and deliberately carried on under the specious mask of Apostolical Meekness, of Tenderness and Moderation: But such
Modera-*

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Moderation as this is the very Rack of Extremity, such Kindness is fatal, and such Courtesies cruel. The modest Pretensions of these sort of Men are the unpassable Pillars of triumphant Impudence; their very Tenderness is neither better nor worse than the unexampled Horrors of an Inquisition; and Fire and Faggot is the last result of their Politicks. What christian Zeal, and yet what hellish Cruelties has the Church of Rome produc'd in these latter Ages? What pretended Love, and yet real Inhumanities? Inhumanities that would make us extol the Clemency of a Dioclesian, and would almost stagger the Charity and Faith of an Origen.

Of all Creatures in the World, the Woolf, in Sheeps Cloathing, is the most dangerous Adversary: And those undaunted Heroes, who could look with Scorn in the grim Face of naked Danger, have always dreading those quaint Murtherers, and stanch Assassines, that stab while they kiss, and embrace only to gain an opportunity to destroy; as 'tis said of Cæsar, That he did not so much fear the magnanimous Anthony, as the pale and meagre Cassius; who could dissemble his Passion with a treacherous smile, and take a kind of malicious delight in contriving the secret methods of Revenge.

And here, to be just, I shall observe, that Kings, and Magistrates and Rulers of the Earth, have been generally inclinable to moderation and tenderness towards those that have differ'd from them in Religion; that as they bear Gods charafter; and are Christ's Vicegerents upon Earth, so have they for the most part been adorn'd with the attributes of mercy and compassion, 'till they have been incited and provok'd to rigorous courses by the instigation and lurry of malicious Men about 'em. If we take a survey of the antient Records of the Christian Church, we shall find that most of the Primitive Persecutions did owe their original to this root of bitterness: Severus, Valerianus, and other Persecuting Emperours were mild

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*mild and gentle for a time, and their Courts were open to the professors of Christianity; and as they could not but have an inward reverence for the Gospel, in that it provided so well for the establishment of civil Righteousness and Morality; so did they also extend some kind of benevolence to the Professors of it, and vouchsaf'd 'em the honour to let 'em serve in their Armies; but being abus'd at length by the false suggestions of some designing Favourites about 'em, they turn'd their former clemency into fury, and rais'd most dreadful and inhumane Persecutions. 'Twas the false information and accursed malice of the Heathen Magicians, that stirr'd up Sapores King of Persia against his Christian Subjects, about the time of Constantine the Great: 'Twas through the juggling insinuations of an Arrian Priest that lurk'd in the Court and Bosom of Constantius, that the good Bishop Athanasius was Depos'd and Persecuted, and a way laid open to all sorts of barbarities upon the Orthodox Christians; and when at length the glory of the Cross was turn'd into the scandal of an Inquisition; how gallantly and industriously did the Princes of Europe oppose the establishment of such an unmerciful Tribunal? and yet how was it Voted up, and themselves aw'd by Preachers and Confessors, by Bulls and Croisadoes, and the sanguinary determinations of the Lateran Council? and what was the design of those audacious men, who lately declaim'd against the Church of England; but to transport a generous and indulgent Sovereign into indignation and fury against his Protestant Subjects? That all that noise and loud exclamation was meer illusion, juggle and Disguise, will very evidently appear; if we do but consider that at first our Church was caress'd by those Men, who afterwards began to spurn and revile her: The Romish Factors did seem at first to have such a passionate devotion for her, that they put on the
garb*

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gerb and salsbian of fond Suitors; accosting her with the sweet perfume of fine Language, and all the winning ornaments of address; but being not able to make good their promises and propositions of Marriage, and finding themselves for that just reason cast off, and utterly rejected; they found it necessary, for the better support of their own sinking credit, to libel her honour, and assail her reputation; and she was therefore proclaimed naughty and dishonest, because she would not yield to the wanton and treacherous Embraces of the Church of Rome. Being thus cast off for discovered cheats, they soon began to display themselves in their true Roman antipathy and Italian bravery of Spirit; Sanguinary Laws, Church of England's severity, were made the ordinary Topics of discourse; and we had some reason to fear, had those Heroes went on, that fire and faggot, and an Holy Inquisition, would have been made at length the Characteristical note of the Antichristian Church of England; since 'tis easie to imagine, that they who can give credit to contradictions and impossibilities on the one hand, may quite invalidate the evidence of demonstration on the other.

But it has pleased God (who makes his Church the object of his care) to blast all their policies with an inglorious defeat; and by his omnipotent arm (which neither the Roman nor Infernal powers can resist) to rescue the Virgin from the Dragons jaws, when she was but one remove from irreparable destruction; such folly and madness it is for Men to vye power with Heaven, and to countermand omniscience with maxims of state, and foolish artifices of humane wisdom. How pleasant is it to observe the vanity of aspiring projectors; to see the politicians taken in their own snare; meeting with shame where they hop'd for promotion, and confusion where they grasp'd at glory? such providential disappointments may make us expect that they will be weary

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weary at length with plotting to no purpose; and that they will be both ashamed and afraid to bring their base cause to another Trial, which God himself has condemn'd by such a number of Miracles.

The only thing that can obstruct the progress of our present felicity, is that spirit of discord that is gone into the World, and which still reigns in the Children of disobedience: Whosoever is sensible of those fears and convulsions which lately threaten'd us, must think it high time to bind up those wounds, at which Protestantism itself was just ready to expire. And indeed God seems to have put this gracious opportunity into your hands; but we must not expect that he will perfect our deliverance without our own concurrence; and therefore, if after all the experiments and demonstrations of danger, as well as mercy, which we have seen and heard, animosities still reign, divisions prosper, and party-spirit still divide us; we have just reason to expect a reverse of Gods providence; nay, we deserve to perish without commiseration.

THE

THE
Phoenix
 AND THE
PEACOCK.

IN a fair Island, like *Arabia* blest
 With the rich Plenty of the bounteous *East*,
 Where all the Glories of both *Indies* meet,
 And Blessings crowd around each Natives Feet,
 A *Phoenix* once did Reign; and all the Land
 With peaceful sway did willingly command:
 Her Feather'd Subjects with obsequious awe,
 Stoop'd to her Will, which was her mildest Law.
 Where ere She walk'd, in Woods, or on the Green,
 No plumed Potentate was ever seen
 With so much joy, as was this Maiden-Queen:
 Long was her Reign, and full of Halcyon days,
 Her Subjects all did warble forth her Praise:
 So quick was their Allegiance, that it might
 Seem not so much their Duty as delight.
 Wide was her Sovereignty, and great her Bliss,
 Yet greater still all with'd her Happiness:
 Few were the ills and Dangers she sustain'd,
 Yet more than she deserv'd; so well she reign'd.
 For as she thus indulg'd her Subjects Ease,
 And slept her self in the warm Lap of Peace,
 Some black and envious Fowl came from afar,
 Threatning Disturbance, and at length a War;

B

Which

Which, because signal, in th' Event I'll tell
 How it began, advanc'd, and ended well ;
 For all this pompous Noise, and proud Intent
 Soon vanish'd into Sport and Merriment.

In a strange Country, where the scorching Sun
 Breeds loathsome Monsters, Plagues, Infection ;
 Where Ravens, Vultures, Bats and Owls do dwell,
 (A place that's fam'd, for Horror, next to Hell)
 An haughty Peacock reign'd, and bore great sway,
 Rul'd over ravenous Fowl, and Birds of Prey.
 High on a Mountains top he fix'd his Nest,
 Display'd his Plumes, and rear'd his gilded Crest
 Nigh to the Stars, thinking himself to be
 Ally'd to th' Sun, the Worlds bright Deity.
 Oft would he, when prick'd on by nature's Pride,
 In gay Procession stalk with formal Stride,
 Then, perking up, would pompously unveil
 The golden Scutchions of his tawdry Tail :
 While all around his Vassals did him greet,
 And with an awful Reverence kiss his Feet.
 But though his Plumes were of Angelick Hue,
 And his bespangled Feathers wonder drew,
 His puny upstart Greatness did arise
 From glorious Robberies, Rapine and Surprize :
 Th' Imperial Eagle he had quite o'ercome
 By Force or Fraud, and made him cheep at Home ;
 Had pull'd his Feathers, clip'd his Wings, and stood
 Upon his Neck in a disdainful Mood,
 Poor and ashamed, he scarce durst peep Abroad.
 Or, if he did assume a Princely Mien,
 (A daring Glory which was seldom seen)
 Into the Warlike Claws, by wiles well laid
 Of the great Scythian Bird he was betray'd.
 The Eagle tam'd, the rest did soon give way,
 The Feather'd Kings did servilely obey

This

This strutting Tyrant, who with Pride o'er born,
 Made 'em the Objects of his Rage and Scorn;
 Wide did he his victorious Wings Display,
 And fondly grasp'd at universal Sway.

It griev'd th' aspiring *Peacock* to behold
 The Royal *Phanix* fortunately bold;
 He griev'd to see her single Force withstand
 His potent Sway, and rigorous Command;
 He rav'd, and Curs'd her, made a hellish Noise,
 (For what's more like Hell than a *Peacock's* Voice?)
 Then doubtful stood, and hov'ring in Suspense
 How to chastise and stop this grand Offence.
 At length great things he in his mind revolves,
 And hastily her final Doom resolves;
 He vows her Death and unlamented Fall;
 A Troop of Vultures Echo'd at his Call.
 These Birds that feed on Blood he did command
 Forthwith to visit her detested Land.

And soon the winged Missionaries came
 In various Shapes, prepar'd for Royal Game;
 From grave and silly Birds they Feathers took,
 And put on a demure and harmless Look,
 Hoping such specious Dressings and Disguise
 Might render them secure from jealous Eyes.
 Long time did they remonstrate and complain
 Against the *Phanix* and her Tyrannous Reign;
 They said, She did affect too high a Port,
 And that 'twas fit she should Reform her Court;
 That her ambitious Highness was akin
 To the gay *Peacock's* domineering Line,
 Her Subjects did too rich a Livery wear,
 Those gawdy Birds which were to her most dear,
 Which round about her Highness daily stood,
 Had some o'th' *Peacock's* Feathers, and his Blood.

Thus for some time did these Impostors get
 Some small Esteem, and draw Birds to their Net ;
 Thus did they with deluding Notes Surprise
 Some vulgar Birds, and catch poor Jacks and Pies ;
 Till some of 'em, whose Feathers, loosely join'd,
 Drop'd off, and prov'd 'em of another kind ;
 Betray'd themselves, together with their Cause,
 And so became the Mark o'th' *Phoenix* and her Laws.

The *Peacock* heard this ; Vengeance adds new Charms,
 And a fresh Rage his sinking Spirits arms :
 The *Phoenix* now he is resolved to burn
 Before her time, and seal her funeral Urn.
 Streightway he sent a Messenger on Wing
 To a Puissant and Victorious King
 Of the same Feather ; and thus to him said,
 With haste I challenge your officious Aid ;
 There is a Princess, in the World well known,
 Usurps a Realm which I do justly own
 By ancient Charter and Prescription :
 Me she has scorn'd, my Vassals has annoy'd,
 Her and her puny Train I'll have destroy'd ;
 This must be done, and this to you is giv'n
 By gracious *Juno*, the fair Queen of Heav'n.

Juno does through the Earth her Pow'r extend ;
 The World to her does in Obedience bend,
 When Winds and Seas do swell, and Lightnings play,
 If she but speak, the Elements obey :
 The Winds with soft pacifick Murmurs fly,
 And gentle Gales calm the distemper'd Sky ;
 This Patroness alone my Glory rais'd,
 Let her great Name be above all things prais'd.

And now vast winged Legions did prepare
 To cut their Passage through the tender Air ;
 Flush'd

Flush'd with vain certain Hopes of Victory,
 With vigorous haste, and active speed they try }
 Their nimble Wings, and threaten as they fly.
 With Pride they spread their wide expanded Sails,
 Brandish'd their shining Claws, and glittering Tails;
 They look'd like some vast Cloud gilt o'er with light,
 In Form and Figure like a Rain-bow bright.
 With joyful Omens all along they came,
 As if they rode upon the Wings of Fame.
 So sometimes when a Kingdoms Fate draws near, }
 'Tis said, Bright airy Horsemens do appear,
 And make an ominous Flourish in the Air. }

At length some nimble Scout the News convey'd }
 To the *Phoenix* and her Court; she not dismay'd }
 (For Innocence can never be afraid;)
 Soon Summons all her Guards, bids 'em prepare
 And readily wait the Events of War;
 And when prepar'd, she bids 'em rest that Night,
 And by next Mornings wake resolve to Fight;
 Then leaves 'em all, (this was the last she spake)
 To th' Conduct of the World-surrounding *Drake*.

Scarce had the Sun resign'd the vacant Sky
 To kind and lovely *Cynthia's* Regency,
 When Clouds full charg'd, Granado-like, did fly,
 Breathing contagious Lightning through the Sky,
 And Thunder too, while Storms began to Jar,
 Turn'd Trumpeter, and loudly call'd to War:
 Ith' labouring Air were such Convulsions seen,
 One might have justly thought they would have been
 The Worlds last breath;
 Nature did seem to Travel with th' Event,
 And sigh'd and groan'd as if she was nigh spent.

Mean

Mean time these Birds with fearless vigour blest
 Do unconcern'd lay down their Heads to rest ;
 Yet sleep abruptly, and ere Mornings peep
 Kill their Foes in Effigie while they sleep.
 In Dreams and broken Slumbers they foretel
 That Conquest which soon afterwards befel.
 Thus slept they, till the *Cock*, that Sentinel stood,
 Began to clap his Wings, and crow aloud.

For now *Aurora* with her beauteous Hand
 Unbar'd the Gates of Light ; at whose Command
 Grim Night with her black Equipage gave way
 To th' bright Arrival of revolving Day ;
 The Elemental War began to cease,
 The Storms were hush'd, and listen'd to a Peace :
 Black Mists already had their flight begun,
 And rowl'd in gilded wreaths before the Sun ;
 Yet still the Winds were sometimes heard to groan,
 The tinctur'd Skies a crimson die put on,
 As if already they were purpled o'er
 With streaks of Blood, and Red with Wounds and Gore.
 Up rose these Birds, and with quick Order flew
 To meet the barbarous Rout, and foreign Crew ;
 When spied, with martial Shouts they did 'em greet
 Before their pointed Claws, and Wings could meet,
 When met, they charg'd 'em boldly in the Face,
 With moving Order, and a warlike Grace,
 And with undaunted Force maintain'd their place.

Have you not seen two Rival Navies join,
 And turn and meet, and juggle on the Main,
 And thoughtless of the Danger and the Toil,
 Bravely salute with Blows, and so Recoil,
 And again grapple as they both draw nigh ?
 So Birds met Birds, and battel'd in the Sky.

Hot was the Contest, while the trembling Skies
 Echoed with gallant Shouts, and mingled Cries:
 The brave *Phœnician* Birds fought to a wonder,
 As quick as Lightning, and as bold as Thunder;
 Many they deeply wounded, more they slew,
 Their Foes forc'd back, durst not the Fight renew.
 At length the Birds of Paradise came down
 To guard the *Phœnix*, and her Enemies drown;
 For now loud sounding Storms began to play
 Against these Foreigners, and Birds of Prey;
 About their Ears a suddain Tempest Rings,
 Sends 'em away with shatter'd Legs and Wings;
 Thick mangled Troops lay floating on the Main,
 Some gasping, some half dead, and others slain;
 Some few poor tatter'd Birds their heavy Wings display,
 And with much heavier Hearts these Tidings home convey.

This Fight, which made the Islanders much Sport,
 Did soon alarm the plum'd Tyrant's Court,
 Where on a sudden all in mournful Weeds,
 Hang down their drooping ignominious Heads:
 The *Peacock* and his Train no Comfort found,
 Nothing but dismal Elegies go round;
 All this sad Story in wild Notes repeat;
 The ravenous Birds amuz'd forget their meat;
 The *Pheacock* storm'd, and blam'd the Seas and Wind,
 Call'd *Juno* Cruel, and the Stars Unkind;
 Down dropp'd his painted Tail, low hung his Crest,
 Through fear he foul'd his Feathers and his Nest;
 Strip'd off his Pride, and from his Wishes torn,
 He's made a Sport to th' Pies, to th' very Jacks a Scorn.

But now what artful or harmonious Voice
 Can sing our Maiden Queen's triumphant Joys?
 The Birds at Home with Emulation strove
 To tell her wondrous Praises, and their Love.

The

The tuneful Orators o'th' Woods and Plain
 Did sing the Triumphs of her happy Reign;
 All different Notes were reconcil'd in this;
 All did Congratulate her mighty Bliss;
 Prais'd and admir'd she was where ere she came,
 Each Forest was made Vocal with her Name;
 The stately Trees with Reverence seem'd to bow
 Their lofty Tops, t' adorn and grace the Show;
 All things conspir'd to make the Joy compleat,
 And render her magnificently great.

Ye Birds that now dwell in that lovely place,
 Which the Fam'd *Phenix* heretofore did Grace;
 Praise that thrice Fortunate and Happy Isle,
 Which she adorn'd with Favours and her Smile:
 Praise Heaven, that with fair Days and Halcion Weather
 Blest both the Island, and its Birds together:
 That Island which does seem so rudely hurl'd
 By scornful Nature from the wider World,
 Did then in her sweet Solitude enjoy
 The choicest Smiles of Heav'n; what could destroy
 That Place, which Vultures could not much annoy?
 Pray Heav'n, ye still may see such happy Days,
 May Heav'n in sending such make short delays:
 May ye *Phanicians* ne'er forget the Fame
 Of your Illustrious Queen;
 May Birds unfeather'd yet be taught to Chirp her Name;
 May Nightingales it chant from every Tree,
 And may it, like her self, Immortal be:
 For, unless ancient Story utter Lyes,
 The *Phenix* is Immortal, never dies:
 Her Dust is pregnant, a new vital Fire,
 As quick as thought, her Ashes does inspire:
 At least, when parted hence, she still does reign,
 And in her Successor alive remain.

An Elegy upon the Late King.

THAT Sun, which rising with a joyful Ray,
Seems to foretell a long and happy day,
Stript of all Beams, and wrapt in mournful Shroud,
Oft sets obscurely in a mid-day Cloud.

Thus Mighty *James*, who by the Vote o'th Laws,
Rose to a Throne, and with the World's applause,
From his Meridian sunk has set apace:

And, as it were, i'th' middle of his Race,
Looks like a poor neglected nameless thing,
The Shade and Ghost of a departed King.
And yet give leave (*Great Sir*) (I cannot yet
Thy awful Name and Character forget)

Give leave, I say, before I celebrate
Our present Twins of Majesty and State;
To drop a short Encomium on thy Hearse,
And to lament thy Fate with untun'd Verse.
For sure thou wast by Heav'n for Empire fram'd,
And virtue to thy Breast a little claim'd:
Honour in thee chose her Imperial Seat,
And, because join'd to Virtue, look'd more great;
But amongst all the Plagues on Earth, there's none
So great a Plague as False Religion:

Religion, when corrupt, o'rcasts with night
Mens Souls, and darkens where it should give light.
This blots that Virtue which it should adorn,
Whilst men by blind Zeal are in Triumph born.
Blind Zeal, that Lust o'th Soul, t'affliction brings
The head-long Bigot, and destroys ev'n Kings;

'Twas this that soil'd thy Virtue in its prime,
 'Twas thy mishap, I will not call't thy Crime.
 'Twas thy mishap, brave Soul, to be misled
 By Slaves that Merit not their daily Bread:
 By men that *Lucifer* himself but-do,
 That Saintship claim, while they his steps pursue:
 Men whose Religion's nothing but Grimace,
 Hypocrisie set off with Paint and Grace:
 Men that have shewn how far a Christian can
 Out-sin a Heathen and a Publican:
 Men that by solemn Oath to sin are driven,
 Yet fawn and pass a Complement on Heaven:
 Men that grow Rich by vows of Poverty,
 Grow Fat with Fasting and Severity;
 Who, while they Fast, enlarge their Mouths like Hell,
 And could devour both *Indies* at a Meal:
 Men that renounce the World, yet haunt the Court
 Where Kings must Hoodwink'd be to make them sport.
 Who, when Religion's made the darling Theam,
 Can whistle the same Vulgar after them,
 And shuffle Souls into a Stratagem;
 Establish Treason with a graceful awe,
 And stamp Rank Murder Orthodox by Law.
 If all that men report or fear be true,
 May Heav'n's just Scourge thy Counsellors pursue,
 May it light all on them, and none on you.

Pardon this Liberty, and I'll atone
 All that I've said with a repeated groan:
 I speak't with troubled Breast, and trembling Lips,
 And with some fear I gaze on thy Eclipse.
 I ne'er rejoyc'd with those that sing thy shame,
 Nor will I ever persecute thy Name.
 May I th' infamous Brand of Slanderer bear,
 If e'er I blot thy name but with a Tear.

*A Panegyrick upon their Majesties King William
and Queen Mary.*

IT was a lovely and a cheerful night,
The Skies were deck'd with living Gems; the light
Did not o'erflow with too redundant Streams,
But cheaply interwove the Clouds with Beams:
The lower Regions were all calm and fair,
And no rude Gusts disturb'd the peaceful Air.
It was a night by Heav'n sent from above,
To invite soft Vows, sweet Ardors, and chaste Love;
When sleep with gentle wiles besieg'd my Breast,
With willing haste I laid me down to rest:
All things as yet were cheerful, it did seem
Nature's Vacation, and the rest of time.
But as I slept secure from outward harms,
With sense fast bound in sweet and pleasing Charms,
My active Fancy wak'd, and from afar
Display'd a Visionary Scene of War:
Death seem'd to blacken and o'erspread the Plain,
And airy Troops in Purple heaps lay slain.
Bless me, said I— and e'er I more could say,
Behold a sudden Beam of glad some day
Chas'd all this gaily Spectacle away.
Quick as the light arose a glittering band
Of men whose joyful Songs did cheer the Land:
Before them a Fair Hero march'd, whose head
With Lawrels bright was decently array'd:

Whilst Halo-like bright Glories plaid around
 His comely face with graceful sorrow crown'd:
 Tears, which adorn'd his Cheeks, ran streaming down,
 Shed for a Nations Sufferings not his own,
 And o'er his Head there hung a starry Crown.
 In Golden Characters some hand above
 Had stamp'd upon his Breast-plate, *Truth and Love* ;
 Each Letter look'd like an auspicious Star,
 The whole a Constellation did appear.

To the King.

I wak'd and soon did find the Vision true ;
 And this Illustrious Hero, *Sir*, was you:
 Strange Omen! for just then to us you came
 Peace and perpetual Triumphs to proclaim:
 To save us from a Wild and Savage Brood
 Of Squeamish Monsters loathing all that's good:
 To quell, while you restore our Liberty,
 The worst of French Diseases, *Tyranny*:
 To stop the Plague, to calm a Nations Moan ;
 This was, and could be done by you alone.
 Your Powder, *Sir*, is Sympathetick sure ;
 It saves at distance, does not kill but cure :
 So mighty Tempests sometimes as they fly,
 Do serve to clear a thick infectious Sky.
 Heav'n bless your generous Aid ; you seem the care
 Of Providence and Charge of every Star :
 All things are reconcil'd to your command,
 At Sea you're *Neptune*, and a *Jove* at Land :
 Where you frequent, there Fame still keeps her Court,
 And Victory grown proud to make you sport,
 With her bright Train does thither too resort.

Oft have I heard how in times past you stood
 Undaunted amidst dangers, death and blood ;
 When ruine wrapt in dismal sounds did fly,
 And drown'd the noysless whispers of the Sky ;
 Yet to your Fortune Death it self gave way,
 And danger round you only seem'd to play :
 As if, like *Julius*, trusting to your fate,
 You brav'd the tempest which around you late
 Brooding destruction, and unmov'd survey'd
 The Tragick scene which Destiny display'd.
 How did you lately too with brave disdain
 Your self seem an *Armado* on the Main ;
 Whilst Winds grew tame, and the tempestuous Sea
 Grew proud her Lord and Master to obey ?
 Sure some officious, fond Intelligence
 Stoop't from its Orb, and with kind influence
 Guided your Vessel, steer'd it in the dark,
 And turn'd your floating Chariot to an Ark ;
 An Ark I'll call't, since things succeed so well ;
 For before it *Rome's* mighty Dagon fell.
 Good Heav'n ! What raptures of enormous joy
 Did lull our senses, and our vitals cloy ;
 How were we all in sweet distraction tost,
 And in a maze of speechless wonder lost,
 When Fame first sang aloud,
 At length the time is come, when *Britanny*
 Shall be for ever from *Rome's* bondage free ?
 As Men confin'd to Caves, and doom'd to Night,
 But faintly bear the sudden start of Light,
 And seem to shun with a dejected face
 Its pleasing violence, and its with't embrace ;
 So were we overwhelm'd with sudden bliss,
 And scarcely stem'd the Flood of happiness :

The span of mortal life did seem too small
To grasp a joy so great, so general.

Go on (Great Hero) and in time advance
To th' utmost bounds of domineering France :
Crush that Great Monster dead, who all on flame
Thinks the whole World too narrow for his Fame ;
One Globe's too little for his mighty span,
The Universe must stretch ere it contain
His boundless thoughts ; how does he fret and rage
Like *Bajazet* confin'd within a Cage ?
Yet this fine swelling Top that looks so gay,
This spruce embalmed lump of gilded clay,
Must shortly to ignominious dust return,
And his proud ashes shrink into an urn :
Look him but in the Face, and speak the word,
He'll die with fear, at least put up his Sword ;
His martial Troops will quickly learn to obey
His sneaking greatness, and pedantick sway ;
When you appear, they'll wisely run away.

Monarchs that grasp at too much power and might,
Look small when rais'd above their lawful height,
And mounting higher vanish out of sight.

If Poets may divine (and sure I'm told)
They challeng'd that Privilege of old)
I'll say, Heav'n seems to have selected you,
Rome's warlike Church, and Empire to subdue ;
Your Name now sounds through *Italy* and *Spain*,
Where grave unerring ignorance do's reign ;
Where venerable Monks sit in their chair,
And Pagan pomp do's Catholick Titles wear ;
And where (as each sad Traveller can relate)
Poor defunct Piety now lies in state,
Th' *Italian* Monsters tremble at the name
Of *Britan's Hercules* ; his very Name

Makes

Makes *Cerberus* quake; whose Massie, Triple Crown
 Begins to totter; and with look cast down
 He sneaks, and fears the Light of Reformation.

To the QUEEN.

And now Illustrious Paragon, to you
 Somewhat I fain would speak, yet scarce know how:
 The task appears too weighty for my pen;
 An Angel's voice may reach't, not that of Men.
 What glorious charms lie coucht within your frame,
 The wonderful event does best Proclaim:
 At your approach the Oracles of *Rome*
 Return'd to their old shades, and were struck dumb:
 Your breath, which you so kindly do dispense,
 Has countercharm'd a Popish Pestilence.
 Your presence rais'd our hopes when they were dead;
 Before you the Destroying Angel fled.
 Th' Unconquer'd Prince, that did mankind subdue,
 Yielded, when he first fix't his Eyes on you;
 Surely from your one conquering art he took;
 From your full beam to vanquish with a look:
 Welcom now (*Royal Madam*) to a Throne;
 Now welcom to our Nation, and your own,
 'Tis true, a Crown adds nothing to your Pow'r;
 For you were chosen Queen of Hearts before:
 Yet may you light to us and influence give,
 And lustre to the Crown which you receive:
Mary do's now *Elizabeth* our line;
 That which look't monstrous, now appears Divine.
 You've made that Sacred which was once accurs'd,
 Made that the best of Names which was the worst:
Britannia sigh'd and griev'd when she was gone;
 Pensive she lay, and utter'd many a groan:

She

She sat encompass'd with ill-boding fears,
 And like a Widow all dissolv'd in tears:
 But now, her sorrows having laid aside
 She reassumes her ornaments and pride,
 And looks gay like some new expecting Bride. }

A joy like this Great *Charles* our gracious King
 Did to a sad afflicted Nation bring,
 When homwards bent proud swelling Seas he coast,
 As strangely found as *Romulus* was lost.

A joy like this, tho' more refin'd and bright,
 Departed Spirits find, and those that live in light;
 When first they come to that Harmonious place,
 Where friends do meet again, where Angels do embrace.

Happy that day (and may it n'ere be torn
 From the fair Book of Fame) when you were born:
 May it for ever shine; and still appear
 A Diamond ith' Circle of the year:

May it still be as happy 'mongst the rest
 Oth' days, as you are amongst Women blest:
 And may your following Reign a Sabbath prove
 Of Peace, of Joy, of Extasie and Love:

When you've compleated what you have begun,
 May you look down with pleasure from a Throne
 Upon the works and wonders you have done. }
 Long may you live encircled round with joys,
 Blest by consent, by our unanimous voice:

May Sovereign Vertue all your wishes steer,
 And harmless pleasures sweeten all your care,
 And when at length (O may th' unhappy day
 Move slowly on) your life must pass away;
 May you retire to everlasting rest;

And may these Nations be securely blest
 By Heirs descended from your fruitful Womb,
 'Till *Shiloh* shall again in Glory come.

*The Ghost of St. Ignatius, addressing himself to a
Cabal in France.*

FROM the unhallow'd Mansions of Despair,
O'erflown with black and pestilential Air,
Where mut'nous Billows roar and never sleep,
And wanton winds still revel on the deep;
From that infernal Gulph where *Demons* dwell,
(A place best known by the great name of Hell)
I'm come an angry spright, urg'd by just rage
Against th'unthinking Zealots of this Age:
O! I could tear with groans my dusky shrine,
While I behold these wretched Sons of mine
Hunted like Beasts of prey, and homeward driv'n
By an accurst Legerdmain of Heav'n.
How frail is Happiness, how quickly gone,
By th'eager rapt of time still hurried on?
How fading are the Glories and Applause,
Which here the proudest sinning Heroes raise?
How poor and scanty are the Crimes they know?
Perfection's only to be found below:
Here soon the bold are to Destruction hurl'd;
'Tis plain Discretion does not guide the World:
No; every Kingdom, every reeling State
Is whirl'd about upon the poles of Fate.

Falsehearted *Britain*! how I grieve to see
Th'Italian Legions thus undone by thee?
O had the Belgian Brisk been cast away
To *Neptune*, and the scaly rout a prey;

Or given a Bait to great *Leviathan*,
 That Monarch and proud *Hector* of the Main.
 Happy *Britannia* then had never borne
 The rigid shock of his imperious Scorn,
 And Hell had had less reason to complain;
 But now ill Destiny succeeds again:
 His Foes like Iron Images stand mute,
 Shrunk in their Arms, not daring to dispute
 The cause by noble Force; No, they appear
 A Fairy Scene, a Poppet-show of War.
 His pointed Aspect does the work of Steel,
 And distant Troops his awful Nod do feel.
 Hark, hark, methinks I hear thrill, boding noise,
 The voice of Conquest, and the Victors Joys:
Te Deums, Shouts, *Hosanna's*, and the like
 Fantastick sounds my shatter'd Senses strike:
 The Heav'ns aloud with Gratulations ring;
 Angels above their grateful Anthems sing;
 And seem to promise by this signal Grace,
 That Romish Rage shall ne'er again deface
 Fair *Britanny*, nor drown the lovely place.

Curse on these Guardian-Saints, these Tell-tale Spies,
 That lurk in the secret Foldings of the Skies;
 That with a wakeful and indulgent care
 Pry into Hells *Arcanas*, and declare
 The Councils of the Deep:
 These peevish Powers, Leagues and Cabals detect;
 This puny Life-guard of the poor elect,
 Have lately blasted our beloved Team,
 Our hopeful Plot, and thriving Stratagem,
 Involving the most black and monstrous things,
 That night e'er shelter'd with her gloomy wings.
 Hell sickens at the News, each Fury groans,
 And gasping Fiends do mingle their sad tones

Into

Into a signal Grief, a deeper Woe :
 Satan at first could hardly undergo
 The shock of this report ; with hollow sound
 He bellow'd loud, and whirl'd his Eye-balls round :
 No soft persuasion could his Wrath assuage,
 But thus he breathed out his long pent rage :
 Into what maze of horror am I led ?
 Sure some Almighty hand holds fast the thread :
 I tofs from side to side, and roam about,
 Spur'd on by rage, but hopeless to get out.
 Ah ! how am I transform'd by treacherous Fate ?
 Shadow and blank of what I was of late :
 Out-brav'd by him, whom I ev'n still disdain,
 From Empire rent, and tofs'd from pain to pain :
 Distemper'd Nature's Agonies, when she
 Labours to vent some unborn Prodigy,
 Th' amazing Terrors of the torturing Steel,
 Are sports to those Convulsive Pangs I feel :
 Pain beats so thick upon my staggered sense,
 That Thought it self has scarce time to commence :
 Heaven can no more ; it has upon my head
 The very dregs of all its Viols shed.
 O that I could imp't with strong rapture fly,
 And juggle through th' unnavigable Sky ;
 With rapid violence knock the Thunderer down,
 That sits so proudly perch'd upon a Throne,
 Take new *Jerusalem*, race th' Imperial Town ;
 Seize all the Guards of Heav'n with powerful sway,
 Lay waste with fire those Cells of purer clay,
 Or cover all with night, and blot Eternal day.
 Thus rallied the Dread Sovereign of the Deep ;
 The lesser Fiends did awful silence keep,
 Whilst Irish howls, Pope's Bulls, and French Grimace
 Doubled the wonted horror of the place.

'Twould make a pale-fac'd Ghost ev'n blush to see,
 From what a glorious height of Villany
 Your noble Friends are fal'n in *Britanny*.
 Hell! can you this unmov'd and silent hear?
 When will you rally, if you now forbear?
 What! do you tremble too? for shame give o're:
 So great *Alcides* once a Distaff bore;
 And the renown'd *Achilles* to his shame
 Unfinew'd did assume a Virgins name:
 But soon the great *Duum virate* with disdain
 Quitted their Toys, and rouz'd to arms again:
 And thus your Couráge, which has ebb'd so low,
 By a Cessation now should stronger grow,
 And like a Flood dam'd up, all Banks should overflow.
 Can Hurricanes forget to roar, and fly
 With lazy wings calming the ruffled Sky?
 Can sullen Waves conspire to lull the Deep,
 And bind the Ocean in a lasting sleep?
 Or can the Needle Nature's Laws controle,
 And shun th'embraces of its darling pole?
 Can a sworn Witch find leisure to repent?
 Can Tygres fawn, or Lyons complement?
 No more can you by adverse Fate be driven
 To turn tame Fops, and basely cringe to Heaven.
 The Sphears shall halt, Nature shall make a pause,
 And quite invested change her antient Laws;
 Discord shall split the Universe in twain,
 And shake the solid Globe to dust again;
 E'er those Barbarians start whose Souls have been
 But once strain'd up to th' highest pitch of sin.
 Therefore let Death begin his march; drive on
 Unwilling Fate; and let Crimes yet unknown
 The guilt of your past innocence atone.

Do not despair, but re-assume a will
 To plot on, and usurp a pow'r to kill.
 Prepare to attack th'insulting British Slaves,
 And if repuls'd fight back into your Graves:
 Quickly begin, before it be too late;
 Stake all at once i'th' doubtful hand of Fate:
 Life, Church, and Empire in a cause so good:
 Let your Religion set, as it arose, in Blood.

But Ha! what Fiend-like form salutes my Eyes?
 And rends me from my self with quick surprize:
 Am I deceiv'd? or do I plainly see,
 The Saint-like Monster, brave *Le Chese*? 'tis he,
 The very same; as may be partly seen
 By his Lampooning Face, and frightful Meen.
 Thy Pardon Reverend Sage,
 That I should dare to be thus proudly rude,
 Before thy face my Dictates to obtrude;
 When 'tis well known the Fiends themselves from thee
 May copy out choice Rules of Policy,
 And wait the Dictates e'er they do Decree. }
 All the black Dwellers in the Plains below
 At thy name with submissive Reverence bow;
 If they but hear't, they seem to steal a bliss;
 And never speak't without an Emphasis:
 Now I see thee, some glimmering hopes return;
 And my chill'd Spirits with fresh Passions burn.
 Thy single force can Heav'n's attempts controul,
 For it has try'd in vain to steer thy Soul.
 Thy Prowess from mean Acts no Honour wins,
 But Sinewy, solid, and substantial Sins
 Are thy Diversion; thou art fram'd and built
 For strange Exploits, and some unusual guilt.
Clement and *Ravillack*, compar'd to thee,
 Were but poor Padders in Iniquity,

And

And superficial sinners; in thy fame
 Their little Tricks are lost, and want a name.
 Old *Petre* to thy brave and manly Port
 Seems but a Poppet, only made for sport,
 And for experiment in Vacationtime,
 And form'd for some obscure and vulgar crime.
 Racks, Fire and Faggot have been caus'd by me;
 But these are now dull things, too light for thee:
 A thousand *Mariana's* in thee dwell;
 And thy rare Deeds add blackness ev'n to Hell.
 At thy Nativty the factious Stars
 In lucky consult met, portending Wars;
 And shedding noisome influence on the Earth,
 With various Terrors signaliz'd thy Birth:
 Nature grew pale, Heaven frown'd when it did view
 The little Monster; and the angelick Crew
 Cry'd, a bad Omen! as if thou hadst been
 Born to advance the Theory of sin.
 Nor didst thou frustrate the design of Fate;
 Water on thee was thrown away,
 For thou was't ever unregenerate;
 Shut out from Grace when from thy Mother torn,
 A Wretch consummate in thy Infant Morn:
 Brave polish'd Villain, and incarnate Spright,
 To whom sin is both business and delight;
 What Miracles in mischief hadst thou done,
 How hadst thou brav'd the Gods, had thy Glass run
 In *Saturn's* or *Jove's* Reign? hadst thou liv'd then
 When Gods were known to have less Wit than Men.
 Gyants (those Prototypes o'th' Romish Race)
 Had once the Monarch of the World in chase;
 By force they hurled Mountains against Heaven;
Pelion was like a Hand-granado driven:

While *Jupiter* from his high Crystal Fort
 Look'd down, and dash'd them with a Godlike Port,
 Making their Toils his Merriment and Sport.
 But hadst thou help'd, the Boys had then prevail'd,
 By thee *Elizium* had been storm'd and scal'd:
 Thy wit had rallied, nay ev'n baffled *Jove*,
 When brandish'd Mountains useles Toys did prove.

Go on great Genius; let whole Nations be
 Demolish'd and undone to set up thee:
 Since thou art now just in thy plotting prime,
 Court not delay, but snatch the present time.
 Do thou but speak, vast crowds shall make reply;
 Thick Troops of fighting Fools will follow thee.
 Tho canst the senseless Multitude beguile
 With solemn nod, and artificial smile,
 And Magick sense disguis'd in Gospel stile.
 Thus flattering *Phaëus* to th' Spectator's Eye,
 Dresses and tricks up a tempestuous Sky
 In a bright Livery, and the World beguiles
 With gaudy mischief, and ill natur'd smiles:
 Thus treacherous Pyrates wantonly display
 Deceitful colours to invite a prey:
 Thus wiser Fiends with false assumed light
 Gild their dark Vests, and play upon the sight:
 And so canst thou delude men unawares
 With flowery Nets, gay Wiles, and Golden snares.
 What are the Vulgar but meer passive Tools?
 A pack of poor predestinated Fools:
 'Tis their lot and prerogative to be
 Made slaves to men of Wit and Policy:
 Mov'd by the Breath, and guided by the Hand,
 They'll all things do, though nothing understand;
 And thus inspir'd by thy example, they
 Will sin by rote, and fight *extempore*.

Neither

Neither will I be wanting, for I'll be
 An Actor in the Black Solemnity:
 With airy Legions from the boundless Deep
 I'll come, and through your Foes with fury sweep:
 Hag-like I'll clog their Vitals, and destroy;
 Then Vulture-like I'll seize upon my prey:
 Hot vapours, streams and gore shall be my Food;
 I'll quench my thirst with nectarous draughts of Blood:
 Thus I my vengeance shall accomplish quite;
 Were it to gain Heav'n I'd not lose the fight.

And now methinks I see impartial Fate,
 Like a *Colossus*, stand with equal feet
 On great and vulgar; with an even hand
 Dealing Destruction all around the Land:
 Methinks already I behold the Peers
 Of the celestial Senate clad in Fears:
 Each drooping Saint, with heavy trembling heart
 Does from his Golden Dormitory start,
 And every Singer i'th' Harmonious Quire
 In thoughtful hurry throws aside his lyre:
 The first brave Rebels that attack'd the Skies,
 Did not Omnipotence so much surprize,
 As shall your sprightly and well-ballanc'd Rage;
 Look to it well, and I'll dare to presage
 For one short act the Triumph of an Age.

I saw this written, when I last did pry
 Into th' dark Volume of Eternity:
 There I did read *Britannia's* Mournful Doom;
 After six Moons were past, it was to come:
 Three are past by, the rest are rowling on,
 And the kind hours seem eager to be gone:
 Tho' Death, Time, Fate, and the incensed band
 Of injur'd Heav'n in opposition stand;

All their united force shall not dispel
 That gloomy sentence that is seal'd in Hell.
 What nobler praise, or more exalted bliss
 Than that which is atchiev'd by wickedness?
 Did not the World's first famous Monarchies
 By glorious rapines, thefts, and murders rise?
 Th' Assyrian, Persian, and the Grecian Sparks,
 Scorning the censure of dull dreaming Clerks,
 Advanc't to that bold height of Regency
 By crimes too great for weak Posterity:
 So the brave Roman too,
 With Diabolick inspiration fill'd,
 With Blood his Everlasting Name did guild,
 And upon conquer'd Necks a lasting Empire build.

Such was the genius of those Men of worth
 Which the first Ages of the World brought forth;
 Thus 'twas 'till Gospel pedantry came in,
 And every gallant Act was deem'd a sin:
 Hence pious Fools with painted terrors scarr'd
 Poor injur'd Nature of all rights debarr'd:
 They robb'd themselves to enrich their Enemies;
 They stole from Nature, but they gain'd no prize,
 Unless the Gibbet, Rack, and servile toils
 Were counted Trophies, and embrac't for spoils:
 For what more eligible things then these
 Did the Sots find in many Centuries?

Blest Souls! that feel at distance unknown joys,
 That feed on tales of bliss that never cloy,
 On sacred nothings, and immortal toys:

But our Progenitors with unerring steel
 These innovations quickly did repel:
 Their charms have laid the Gospel in a trance,
 And turn'd the Bible to a grave Romance.

Those tame Mock-Heroes who themselves betray'd,
 Those Legendary Saints in Masquerade,
 Were quickly Damn'd, and made a comick Theam ;
 While glorious Murderer drown'd the Martyr's Name.
 By such rare Arts our Faction first did grow,
 And that which did create, must still conserve it so.

O that I could at present but survey
 That dismal Scene which my fond hopes display :
 Bless'd in the midst of Curses I could dwell,
 And think my self imparadic'd in Hell.
 But lo, the Sun with an aspiring Beam,
 Joys and diverts me from this wanton Dream :
 The all-surrounding Globe with darted Ray,
 Begins to snatch back and redeem the day :
 The blushing Moon has modestly withdrawn
 Her glittering Mantle, and her Silver Lawn :
 The Feather'd Quire already does salute
 Rising *Aurora* ; but I'll soon confute
 Their promis'd Mirth by forcing back the night,
 And breathing Storms in my Fantastick Flight :
 I'll blot the Sun with a tempestuous yawn,
 And blast *Aurora* in her blooming Dawn.

The

 The EPILOGUE.

Search all the Records of the World, pass o'er
 The Tripple Continent t' th' Western Shore,
 And tell me after all if you can find
 A man without some darknes in his mind :
 Tell me if any can by Humane Skill
 A clear discernment make 'twixt good and ill,
 Without some cloud of Error in the will.

Vain Shows, tumultuous Pomp, and endless Strife
 Fill up the vacant Scenes of Humane Life :
 In these we idly spend long days and years ;
 Bereaft of Reason which should guide our cares ;
 For Reason nothing covets nothing fears. }
 In vain Men talk of God and Providence,
 While they reject the Favours they dispense ;
 In vain the Stars are kind, the Skies are clear,
 While cloudy Passions in our Breasts make War.

Hopeless perhaps we pray, when danger's nigh ;
 And Heav'n in pitty sends some quick supply :
 But when the Danger and the Storm is o'er,
 We court that Ruine which we fear'd before.
 Thus to our loss we wantonly combine,
 And pull down Wrath, which Heav'n did ne'er design :
 We bribe the Deity to our own ill,
 And make him punish us against his will.

Good Heav'n, since such wild thoughts Mankind infest,
 Tell me where I may fix my Soul and rest :

With

With generous mind, neither depress'd nor proud,
 Teach me to soar above th' unthinking Crowd :
 That plac'd in a fair Orb, and calm retreat,
 I may look down with pity on the great,
 And view the Storms of State beneath my feet.
 And, that I may with one well-fram'd desire,
 Grasp all the Wealth to which I do aspire,
 Give me, kind Heav'n, a body firm and sound,
 With stedfast mind, and a good Conscience crown'd :
 A Conscience that can bear, without affright,
 The Dangers of the day, and Terrors of the night :
 A Conscience free from fashionable Crimes,
 That stands unmov'd, and turns not with the Times :
 A Conscience that ne'er can with pressures bend,
 But can call Death himself a welcome Friend :
 That counts the Primitive Martyrs fruitful Toils
 Far better Trophies, more illustrious Spoils,
 Than Gifts of Courts, and all that tempting Fate
 That springs from the rich falls in Church and State.

Happy's that Man whom nothing can defeat,
 Who bravely scorns to be ignobly great :
 Who o'er himself does unmolested reign,
 And seeks no wider Empire to obtain :
 Who blest'd with obscure Ease, not gawdy Strife,
 After the dull fatigues of Humane Life,
 When Death draws with Life's Ligaments untwined,
 Feels no convulsive Tremblings in his mind :
 But with a look serene, and peaceful breath,
 Falls undisturb'd, and smiles i'th face of Death.

FINIS